



Mind Hussy, what you do.

WHEN I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime,
My mother oft would in a rage,
Cry, girl take care in time;
For you are now so forward grown,
The men will you pursue,
And all the day this was her tone,
Mind, hussy, what you do.

Regardless of her fond advice,
I hasten'd o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice
By each young Sylvian swain;
Yet by the bye I must declare
I virtue had in view,
Altho' my mother cry'd, beware,
Mind hussy what you do.

To Damon, gayest of the green,
I gave my youthful hand,
His blooming face, and comely mein
I could not well withstand;
But strait to church we tript away.
With hearts both firm and true,
Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say,
Mind hussy what you do.

Ye lasses all attend to me,
And hence this lesson learn,
When to your mind a man you see,
Ne'er look morose or stern;
But take him with a free good will,
Should he have love for you,
Altho' your mother's crying still,
Mind hussy what you do.